

Copyright, 1912, by A. Conan Doyle.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Prehistoric Tragedy.

CHALLENGER, bent upon proving some point which Summerlee had contested, thrust his head over the rock and nearly brought destruction upon us all. In an instant the nearest male gave a shrill, whistling cry and flapped its twenty-foot span of leathery wings as it soared up into the air.

"Make for the wood and keep together," cried Lord John, clutching his rifle. "The brute mean mischief!"

The moment we attempted to retreat the circle closed in upon us until the



The Circle Closed in Upon Us.

tips of the wings of those nearest to us nearly touched our faces. We beat at them with the stocks of our guns, but there was nothing solid or vulnerable to strike. Then suddenly out of the whirling, slate-colored circle a long neck shot out and a fierce beak made a thrust at us. Another and another followed. Summerlee gave a cry and put his hand to his face, from which the blood was streaming. I felt a prod at the back of my neck and turned dizzy with the shock. Challenger fell, and as I stooped to pick him up I was again struck from behind and dropped on the top of him. At the same instant I heard the crash of Lord John's elephant gun and, looking up, saw one of the creatures with a broken wing struggling upon the ground, spitting and gurgling at us with a wide-opened beak and bloodshot, goggled eyes, like some devil in a medieval picture. Its comrades had flown higher at the sudden sound and were circling above us.

"Now," cried Lord John, "now for our lives!"

We staggered through the brushwood and even as we reached the trees the harpies were on us again. Summerlee was knocked down, but we took him up and rushed among the trunks. Once there we were safe, for those huge wings had no space for their sweep beneath the branches. As we stepped homeward, sadly maimed and disheartened, we saw them for a long time flying at a great height against the deep blue sky above our heads, soaring round and round, no bigger than wood pigeons, with their eyes no doubt still following our progress. At last, however, as we reached the thicker woods they gave up the chase, and we saw them no more.

"A most interesting and convincing experience," said Challenger as we halted beside the brook and he bathed a swollen knee. "We are exceptionally well informed, Summerlee, as to the habits of the enraged pterodactyl!"

Summerlee was wiping the blood from a cut in his forehead, while I was tying up a nasty stab in the muscle of



If it is Beer — and you consider Purity, Food Value and delightful Flavor.

YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK If you order CROSS COUNTRY BEER Rock Island Brewing Co.

the neck. Lord John had the shoulder of his coat torn away, but the creature's teeth had only grazed the flesh.

"It is worth nothing," Challenger continued, "that our young friend has received an undoubted stab, while Lord John's coat could only have been torn by a bite. In my own case, I was beaten about the head by their wings, so we have had a remarkable exhibition of their various methods of offense."

"It has been touch and go for our lives," said Lord John gravely, "and I could not think of a more rotten sort of death than to be outed by such filthy vermin. I was sorry to fire my rifle, but, by Jove, there was no great choice!"

"We should not be here if you hadn't," said I, with conviction. "It may do no harm," said he. "Among these woods there must be many loud cracks from splitting or falling trees which would be just like the sound of a gun. But now, if you are of my opinion, we have had thrills enough for one day and had best get back to the surgical box at the camp for some carbolic. Who knows what venom these beasts may have in their hideous jaws?"

That night (our third in Maple White Land) we had an experience which left a fearful impression upon our minds and made us thankful that Lord John had worked so hard in making our retreat impregnable. We were all sleeping round our dying fire when we were aroused, or rather, I should say, shot out of our slumbers, by a succession of the most frightful cries and screams to which I have ever listened. I know no sound to which I could compare this amazing tumult, which seemed to come from some spot within a few hundred yards of our camp. It was as ear-splitting as any whistle of a railway engine, but where-

as the whistle is a clear, mechanical, sharp-edged sound this was far deeper in volume and vibrant with the uttermost strain of agony and horror. We clapped our hands to our ears to shut out that nerve-shaking appeal. A cold sweat broke out over my body, and my heart turned sick at the misery of it. All the woes of tortured life, all its stupendous indictment of high heaven, its innumerable sorrows, seemed to be centered and condensed into that one dreadful, agonized cry. And then under this high pitched, ringing sound there was another, more intermittent, a low, deep chested laugh, a growling, throaty gurgle of merriment which formed a grotesque accompaniment to the shriek with which it was blended. For three or four minutes on end the fearsome duet continued, while all the foliage rustled with the rising of startled birds. Then it shut off as suddenly as it began. For a long time we sat in horrified silence. Then Lord John threw a bundle of twigs upon the fire, and their red glare lit up the intent faces of my companions and flickered over the great boughs above our heads.

"What was it?" I whispered.

"We shall know in the morning," said Lord John. "It was close to us—not farther than the glade."

"We have been privileged to overhear a prehistoric tragedy, the sort of drama which occurred among the reeds upon the border of some Jurassic lagoon, when the greater dragon plumed the lesser among the slime," said Challenger, with more solemnity than I had ever heard in his voice. "It was surely well for man that he came late in the order of creation. There were powers abroad in earlier days which no courage and no mechanism of his could have met. What could his sling his throwing stick or his arrow avail him against such forces as have been loose tonight? Even with a modern rifle it would be all odds on the monster."

"I think I should back my little friend," said Lord John, earnestly his express. "But the beast would certainly have a good sporting chance."

Summerlee raised his hand.

"Hush!" he cried. "Surely I hear something."

From the utter silence there emerged a deep, regular pat. pat. It was the tread of some animal—the rhythm of soft but heavy pads placed cautiously upon the ground. It stole slowly around the camp and then halted near our gateway. There was a low, sibilant rise and fall—the breathing of the creature. Only our feeble hedge separated us from this horror of the night. Each of us had seized his rifle, and Lord John had pulled out a small bush to make an embankment in the hedge.

"By George!" he whispered. "I think I can see it!"

I stooped and peered over his shoulder through the gap. Yes, I could see it too. In the deep shadow of the tree there was a deeper shadow yet, black, inchoate, vague—a crouching form full of savage vigor and menace. It was no higher than a horse, but the dim outline suggested vast bulk and strength. That hissing pant, as regular and full voiced as the exhaust of an engine, spoke of a monstrous organism. Once as it moved I thought I saw the glint of two terrible greenish eyes. There was an uneasy rustling, as if it were crawling slowly forward.

"I believe it is going to spring!" said I, cocking my rifle.

"Don't fire, don't fire!" whispered Lord John. "The crash of a gun in this

silent night would be heard for miles. Keep it as a last card."

"If it gets over the hedge we're done," said Summerlee, and his voice cracked into a nervous laugh as he spoke.

"No, it must not get over," cried Lord John, "but hold your fire to the last. Perhaps I can make something of the fellow. I'll chance it, anyhow."

It was as brave an act as ever I saw a man do. He stooped to the fire, picked up a blazing branch and slipped in an instant through a Sallyport which he had made in our gateway. The thing moved forward with a dreadful snarl. Lord John never hesitated, but, running toward it with a quick, light step, he dashed the flaming wood into the brute's face. For one moment I had a vision of a horrible mask like a giant toad's, of a warty, leprous skin and of a loose mouth all beslobbered with fresh blood. The next, there was a crash in the underwood and our dreadful visitor was gone.

"I thought he wouldn't face the fire," said Lord John, laughing, as he came back and threw his branch among the fagots.

"You should not have taken such a risk!" we all cried.

"There was nothing else to be done. If he had got among us we should have shot each other in trying to down him. On the other hand, if we had fired through the hedge and wounded him he would soon have been on the top of us, to say nothing of giving ourselves



He Dashed the Flaming Wood Into the Brute's Face.

away. On the whole, I think that we are jolly well out of it. What was he, then?"

Our learned men looked at each other with some hesitation.

"Personally I am unable to classify the creature with any certainty," said Summerlee, lighting his pipe from the fire.

"In refusing to commit yourself you are but showing a proper scientific reserve," said Challenger, with massive condescension. "I am not myself prepared to go further than to say in general terms that we have almost certainly been in contact tonight with some form of carnivorous dinosaur. I have already expressed my anticipation that something of the sort might exist upon this plateau."

In the morning it was not long before we discovered the source of the hideous uproar which had aroused us in the night. The iguanodon glade was the scene of a horrible butchery. From the pools of blood and the enormous lumps of flesh scattered in every direction over the greensward we imagined at first that a number of animals had been killed, but on examining the remains more closely we discovered that all this carnage came from one of these unyielding monsters, which had been literally torn to pieces by some creature not larger, perhaps, but far more ferocious, than itself.

Our two professors sat in absorbed argument, examining piece after piece, which showed the marks of savage teeth and of enormous claws.

"Our judgment must still be in abeyance," said Professor Challenger, with a huge slab of whitish colored flesh across his knee. "The indications would be consistent with the presence of a saber-toothed tiger, such as are still found among the breccia of our caverns, but the creature actually seen was undoubtedly of a larger and more reptilian character. Personally I should pronounce for a *Tyrannosaurus*."

"Or *Megalosaurus*," said Summerlee. "Exactly. Any one of the larger carnivorous dinosaurs would meet the case. Among them are to be found all the most terrible types of animal life that have ever cursed the earth or blessed a museum." He laughed sonorously at his own conceit, for, though he had little sense of humor, the crudest pleasantry from his own lips moved him always to roars of appreciation.

"The less noise the better," said Lord John curtly. "We don't know who or what may be near us. If this fellow comes back for his breakfast and catches us here we won't have so much to laugh at."

That morning we mapped out a small portion of the plateau avoiding the swamp of the pterodactyls and keeping to the east of our brook instead of the west. In that direction the country was still thickly wooded, with so much undergrowth that our progress was very slow.

(Continued Next Wednesday.)

Legal.

Executrix's Notice.

Estate of Sam Fryer, deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed executrix of the last will and testament of Sam Fryer, late of the county of Rock Island, state of Illinois, deceased, hereby gives notice that she will appear before the Hon. Benjamin Bell, judge of the probate court of Rock Island county, at the probate court room, in the city of Rock Island, at the first Monday in November next, at which time all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to attend for the purpose of having the same adjusted. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated this first day of September A. D. 1916. FANNIE FRYER, Executrix. Philip H. Wells, attorney.

Aitken Wins on Goodyear Cords

Peugeot Driver Captures 300-Mile Cincinnati Sweepstakes at Speed of 97.06 Miles an Hour

Three hundred miles—over a new course—at the scorching speed of 97.06 miles an hour—here is a test of tire stamina leaving no element of quality or construction untried!

Yet Goodyear Cords stood up under this grinding, wearing, punishing pace—stood up under it to a victorious finish.

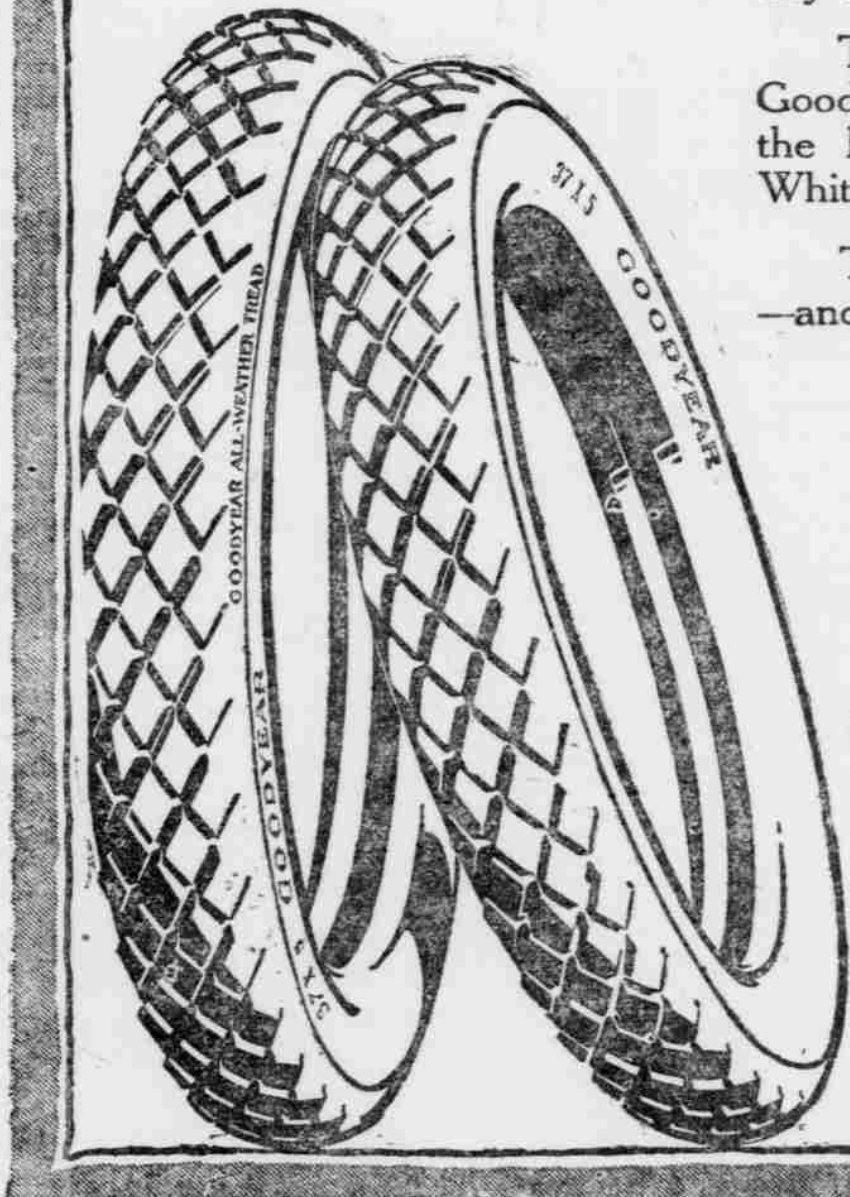
They carried Aitken and his Peugeot straight to first honors.

Aitken's Labor Day victory at Cincinnati, supported by the series of remarkable racing records achieved with the aid of Goodyear Cords in the past few months, offers additional proof of the superior stoutness, speediness and endurance of these tires.

The same stoutness, speediness and endurance are advantages experienced by Goodyear Cord users in every-day motoring.

They are the qualities that led to the adoption of Goodyear Cord Tires as standard equipment on the Franklin, the Packard Twin-Six, the Locomobile, the Peerless, the White, the Haynes Twelve, the Stutz and the MacFarland.

They are the qualities that make these tires higher-priced—and better.



The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

GOOD YEAR
AKRON
TIRES

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

Legal.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Estate of Peter Caple, deceased.

Public notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Robert W. Rank, administrator of the estate of Peter Caple, has this day filed his final report and settlement as such in the probate court of Rock Island county, and hearing on said report has been set for the 12th day of September, 1916, at 10 o'clock a. m., at which time persons interested may appear and make objections thereto, and if no objections are filed, said report will be approved at that time, and the undersigned will ask for an order of distribution, and will also ask to be discharged.

Rock Island, Ill., Aug. 19, 1916.
ROBERT W. RANK, Administrator.

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of Mary A. Barber, deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed administrator of the estate of Mary A. Barber, late of the county of Rock Island, state of Illinois, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will appear before the Hon. Benjamin Bell, judge of the probate court of Rock Island county, at the probate court room, in the city of Rock Island, at the first Monday in October next, at which time all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to attend for the purpose of having the same adjusted. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Rock Island, Ill., Aug. 17, 1916.
GEORGE W. GAMBLE, Clerk.

Notice of Publication—Chancery.

State of Illinois, Rock Island county, city of Moline—ss:—

In the city court of the city of Moline to the September term, A. D. 1916, term thereof.

Adam Merry, complainant, vs. Alice Merry, defendant; in chancery. Affidavit of non-residence of the said Alice Merry, the above named defendant, having been filed in the clerk's office of the city court of the city of Moline in said county and state aforesaid, notice is therefore hereby given to the said non-resident defendant that the complainant filed his bill of complaint in said court, on the chancery side thereof, on the eighth day of August, A. D. 1916, and that thereupon a summons issued out of said court, wherein said suit is now pending, returnable on the second Monday in the month of September next, as is by law required. Now, unless you, the said non-resident defendant, above named, Alice Merry, shall personally be and appear before said city court, on the first day of the next term thereof, to

be holden in the city court room in the municipal building in said city of Moline, in said Rock Island county, Illinois, aforesaid, on the second Monday in September next, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainant's bill of complaint, the same and the matters and things therein charged and stated will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you according to the prayer of said bill.

Dated at Moline, Ill., this 12th day of August, A. D. 1916.
GEORGE A. SCHRADER, Clerk.
W. R. MOORE, Complainant's Solicitor.

Executor's Notice. Estate of Dorothy Tutbury, deceased. The undersigned having been appointed executor of the last will and testament of Dorothy Tutbury, late of the county of Rock Island, state of Illinois, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will appear before the Hon. Benjamin Bell, judge of the probate court of Rock Island county, in the city of Rock Island, at the December term, on the first Monday in December next, at which time all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to attend for the purpose of having the same adjusted. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated 29th day of August A. D. 1916.
GEORGE TUTBURY, Executor. Stafford, Schoede & Stafford, Attorneys.

be holden in the city court room in the municipal building in said city of Moline, in said Rock Island county, Illinois, aforesaid, on the second Monday in September next, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainant's bill of complaint, the same and the matters and things therein charged and stated will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you according to the prayer of said bill.

Dated at Moline, Ill., this 12th day of August, A. D. 1916.

GEORGE A. SCHRADER, Clerk.
W. R. MOORE, Complainant's Solicitor.

Executor's Notice.

Estate of Dorothy Tutbury, deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed executor of the last will and testament of Dorothy Tutbury, late of the county of Rock Island, state of Illinois, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will appear before the Hon. Benjamin Bell, judge of the probate court of Rock Island county, in the city of Rock Island, at the December term, on the first Monday in December next, at which time all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to attend for the purpose of having the same adjusted. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated 29th day of August A. D. 1916.
GEORGE TUTBURY, Executor. Stafford, Schoede & Stafford, Attorneys.

Publication Notice.

State of Illinois, Rock Island county, city of Moline—ss:—

In the Circuit Court of said county, to the September term, A. D. 1916.

Harry Dowdley, Charles Dowdley, Guy Dowdley, Roy Dowdley, Bessie Dowdley Jefferson, vs. Helen Palmer, Fannie Torrince, and Robert W. Rank, administrators of the estate of J. H. Dowdley, with the will annexed.

Affidavit of non-residence of the above named defendants, Helen Palmer and Fannie Torrince, impleaded with the above defendant, Robert W. Rank, administrator of the estate of J. H. Dowdley, with will annexed, having been filed in the clerk's office of said county, notice is therefore hereby given to the said non-resident defendants, Helen Palmer and Fannie Torrince, that the complainants filed their bill of complaint in said court, on the chancery side thereof, on the 16th day of August, A. D. 1916, and that thereupon a summons issued out of said court, wherein

said suit is now pending, returnable on the third Monday of September next, as is by law required.

Now, unless you, the said non-resident defendants above named, shall personally appear before said circuit court, on the first day of the next term thereof, to be holden at Rock Island, in and for the said county of Rock Island, on the third Monday in September next, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainants' bill of complaint, the same and matters and things therein charged and stated will be taken as confessed and a decree entered against you and each of you according to the prayer of said bill.

GEORGE W. GAMBLE, Clerk.
Rock Island, Ill., Aug. 16, A. D. 1916.
McEniry & McEniry, complainants' solicitors.

Executor's Notice. Estate of Lottie Carlson, deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed executrix of the last will and testament of Lottie Carlson, late of the county of Rock Island, state of Illinois, deceased, hereby gives notice that she will appear before the Hon. Benjamin Bell, judge of the probate court of Rock Island county, at the probate court room, in the city of Rock Island, at the October term, on the first Monday in October next, at which time all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to attend for the purpose of having the same adjusted. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated 10th day of August, A. D. 1916. JOSEPHINE C. LUNDBURG, Executrix. Witter & Walker, attorneys.

40-MILE 5-HOUR

Interesting River Trip

Sunday, Sept. 10

on steamer Black Hawk to Fairport and the Big Government Fish and Clam Hatchery—A personally conducted tour Leaves 2:45 P. M. Returns 7:30

Fare 50c